

Is it any wonder

Why our business under the CASH AND ONE PRICE PLAN has doubled in volume since we began to show the people that this is the only system under which they can overcome those exorbitant prices made necessary under a credit system. Come and see and judge for yourself if what we say is not true. Look at our offerings this week.

Dress Goods Department.

36 in. Black, all wool Serge, 50 cent value	at....\$.25
36 in. Brown " " Extra Heavy 60 cent value	at.... .25
38 in. Black " " Shower proof 75 cent value	at.... .39
46 in. Black " " Very fine 84 cent value	at.... .49
48 in. Black " " Very fine 84 cent value	at.... .79

25 Pattern Suits, Latest Effects, from \$10 to \$5.

Flannel Department.

Fine wool Flannels, white, 26 in.....	\$.15
Extra fine wool Flannels, white, 27 in....	.19
Double extra wool Flannels, white, 27 in....	.25
Linen warp wool Flannels, white, 28 in....	.35

Hosiery Department.

Ladies' wool Hose Black, great value at....	\$.15
Ladies' wool Hose, extra heavy.....	.25
Misses' wool Hose, good.....	.15
Misses' wool Hose, heavy ribbed.....	.25
Gents' all wool, blue and gray.....	.15
Gents' all wool fine Cashmere, 40c value	.29

Beautiful Framed Pictures Given Away with \$10 purchases.

GRUSOE'S BARGAIN DEPARTMENT STORE.

New Bank Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

N. L. Anderson, of Merrill, was in town Tuesday.

Mike Dolan was down from Eagle River Monday.

Wm. Monti was down from Eagle River Tuesday.

Stewart Taugal, of Marshaw, was in the city Tuesday.

Geo. Marshall, of Woodboro, spent Sunday in Rhinelander.

A. N. Fox, of Eau Claire, called on our business men Tuesday.

Geo. Curtis, Jr., of Merrill, was in town on business Tuesday.

A. O. Jenne, of Woodboro, was a caller in the city Tuesday.

Chas. Inman, of Woodboro, was in town on business Saturday.

W. Mahony, of Wausau, transacted business in Rhinelander Tuesday.

F. D. Lawrence, of Oshkosh, transacted business in our city Monday.

John Sanders, of Merrill, was in town Monday and Tuesday on business.

The new Henderson corset is faultless in fit.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

J. C. Curran has improved the looks of his house with new shingles and paint.

Judge Bardeen opened court here Monday for the October term. There are but two criminal cases on the calendar.

Wanted—Tengood reliable business women to travel or fill offices. Call at Alpine Hotel parlors.

SCHULTZ GERMAN COMPOUND.

There is a Republican club in every voting precinct of the county and they have enrolled as members enough to give the ticket a rousing majority next month.

"The wonderful operations of the Holy Ghost on that day of Pentecost," will be the topic next Sunday morning at the Baptist church. The evening subject will be "The man who gladly received the Lord Jesus and took Him home with him."

If you think of voting for any Democrat or Populist for any county office, just stop and think why you should go against as good a man on your own ticket who is fighting for the same principles you are, to help one who is directly opposed to everything you want in politics.

The suicide of Frank Case, at Fond du Lac last week, was a great surprise to his many friends here. He was universally well liked by the trade, and the fact that he had become involved beyond hope was an unlooked for announcement. His family were left in destitute circumstances.

There is not a man on the Republican county ticket who is not the equal of his Democratic opponent by any test you wish to apply. They are just as competent, just as deserving of the office, and are all men who are working for a victory of honest money, protection and good government. Why should you vote for a man who is advocating the anarchy and repudiation of the Bryan outfit.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

It is no excuse for a man on the Democratic-Popocratic, or whatever erratic text it is, to say that he doesn't endorse the Chicago platform. He is doing it simply to get the votes of those whom he knows disagree with his political beliefs. The organizations of parties must be kept up. And right here at home is as good a place to draw the line as anywhere. You wouldn't think of voting for a Democrat for State Treasurer or Governor, would you? Yet the county officers have as much to do with shaping National legislation as they. If you are for McKinley and the principles he stands for then vote for the men who are making the fight for him in this county. Don't give part of your vote to McKinley and the rest to those who are working against him.

Joe Ames spent Sunday with friends in the city.

John Wixson was up to Ironwood on business last week.

Snyder's jewelry store is becoming famous for its masterpieces.

D. E. Bardon, of Eagle River, was here on business Monday.

Thos. M. Bolger was down from Minocqua to see the foot ball game.

Father Hoogstraad, of Tomahawk, was in the city last Friday, on a visit to friends.

C. C. Yawkey was over from Hazelhurst to attend the board meeting last Friday.

The local G. A. R. post was outnumbered in percentage of attendance at the St. Paul encampment by only one in the state.

Harry Ashton and Paul Browne are back from their hunting trip in Minnesota. They met with good success and returned with a large number of ducks.

Mrs. Jas. Brooks who has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. H. Ward, for some time, left last week for Deerbrook where she will spend the winter with her son.

Lawrence Doyle has slabs, and hand wood for sale. Those wishing anything in the wood line can leave orders at Crane & Fendon's and he will attend to them.

The county board was in session last Friday, at work upon the settlement of some of the old Pier claims. They agreed upon a basis which will prevent litigation and was thought fair by both sides.

Mrs. George Pillsbury and children are in the city for a stay of a week or two. Mr. Pillsbury is now in the lumber business for himself at Milwaukee and they intend moving there permanently.

Pat Delany and three friends from Wausau passed through here Monday enroute for the woods. They had a double team loaded with a camp outfit and were presumably after partridges and rabbits.

J. N. Keeble is now nicely settled in his new location, in the Touissant building, two doors above his old stand. A fine brick oven has been completed and the building arranged especially for Mr. Keeble's use.

Judge McCormick addressed a large audience at Tomahawk Lake last Saturday evening. He says that he never saw Republicans so enthusiastic as they are this year. We hope to hear the Judge here before election.

Rev. and Mrs. George C. Haun, of Madison, will be present and speak at the mid-week service at Union church tonight. They are establishing Sunday Schools in many places in this part of the state too small to support a church.

Joseph Pechette, whose case came up before the court Monday, the charge being assault with intent to do great bodily harm, was released on his own recognizance, the jury having disagreed after being out all night. The case will be taken up at the next term of court.

Any lady or gentleman intending to purchase a bicycle cheap will find it to their interest to call and inspect my wheels now on exhibition at the Second Hand Store. I have as good a line of wheels as there is made and my prices are right. I. E. Mack.

The Northwestern road carpenters have greatly improved the walk on Pelham street. All of the old boards have been taken up and replaced by a new plank walk which has been graded to the street level. The new order of things is highly appreciated by pedestrians.

W. B. LaSelle and M. J. O'Reilly returned last week from a duck hunting trip near Belgrade, Minn. They enjoyed splendid luck and bagged over one hundred, principally of the red head variety. This office acknowledges the receipt of two very fine specimens donated by Mr. LaSelle. They were highly appreciated.

Rev. C. A. Rosander spoke in the Swedish language to a large audience on the north side last Thursday night. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Scandinavian Republican club and was one of the most successful ever held in the city. Mr. Rosander's speech is said by competent critics to have been the best exposition of the issues of the campaign that has been given in this section, and the audience was not only pleased but highly enthusiastic. Mr. Rosander is an excellent speaker in both the Swedish and English languages.

TWENTY TO NOTHING.

Antigo Again Falls no Score Against the Home Team.

Saturday's foot ball game was perhaps the most interesting game that has been seen here this season although the teams were far from evenly matched. Antigo has now played four games with Rhinelander at foot ball and has not yet succeeded in making a score. They come up smiling after each defeat and think they have team sufficient strength to win but the result is always the same. They have the size now but lack quickness and knowledge of the game. Their line is the heaviest ever seen here and they put up the most awful case of "appearance" before the game but that is all there is to it. Our boys went through their big center and around their ends almost at will while it was impossible for Antigo to make any gains of consequence when they had the ball. Walker was indisposed and did not play. Guptil captained the team and did well, but when Walker got on the field and coached the boys there was more life and get to the play. The home team profited by recent practice and the result of it was seen in their wedge plays and interference. Quigley, Mickeljohn and Butler went through for gains well and Wiegner played a strong game, but the star performance of the day was Martell. He took Quigley's place near the close of the first half and was immediately given the ball. He cleared the left end, dodged the guards and scored a touch down from the lower end of the field. The first half consisted of steady gains by the home team who never lost the ball, and gave them two touchdowns and one goal. In the second half they got one of each and should have had double, but for the dropping of the ball on the line. The game ended with a score of twenty to nothing. The crowd was small, but an enthusiastic one. The boys have no game so far arranged for this week.

Hazelhurst.
Mrs. Wm. Moss is quite sick.
Mr. Chas. Stoker was in Minocqua between trains Sunday.
Mr. Jas. Timlin spent Sunday in Minocqua.
Dr. Rosenberg was in town Monday enroute to Wausau. Dr. Hull will attend to his practice during his absence.
Mr. Cottrell was delivering pictures Saturday. His work has been entirely satisfactory.
Base ball is gone for 1896. All the bats, balls, etc., which adorn the diamond have been carefully put away for the winter, and instead of the old cry "take a lead old man" it will be "shovel snow old boy."
Four exceptionally large potatoes were dug from Farmer White's homestead last Sunday. Jack is seriously thinking of putting some of his crop in the "Museum of Agriculture."
F. M. Gibson, of Merrill, spent a few days in Hazelhurst last week.
W. S. Pophal, of Merrill, the tailor, stopped off here Monday.
Miss Keppler, of Minocqua, is visiting Mrs. Clarke.
Mrs. Joe Hall, Mrs. George Foster, Mrs. Herb. Titus and Mr. Hall drove down from Minocqua Tuesday.
Miss O'Brien, the milliner of Rhinelander, was in town Sunday.

The girls give another leap year party Saturday. The boys are figuring on a big supper.
Reports come in of the immense amount of partridges in the vicinity. One young hunter saw a big flock of four birds in a swamp. The next morning two men went over every foot of ground and many feathers were seen. Sunday two gentlemen drove 15 miles through a country where game ought to be plentiful and only saw a red squirrel. We suggest that glasses be worn to enable the mighty nimrods to focus their optics and not labor under any more illusions.

The interior of the Cash Department Store has been changed somewhat so as to admit of the line of clothing which has been kept in the south store being placed in the middle compartment. The new arrangement brings out the above line very prominently. The store is doing a very good business in the clothing line.

Mrs. L. J. Noble, of Menasha, is in the city the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. F. Hall.
Sheriff O'Connor, of Eagle River, was in town yesterday.

Republican Mass Meeting.

The Republicans of Oneida county held a Mass Meeting and parade in Rhinelander, Saturday, Oct. 17. Special trains will be run on the Soo and Northwestern roads bringing delegations from Hazelhurst, Woodboro, Tomahawk Lake and McNaughton. Excursion rates are also granted by the lines from any point within a radius of 50 miles. The parade will take place at 7 o'clock and the meeting will begin soon after 8. Maj. Edward Seefeldt, Candidate for Governor; Col. Henry Casson, Secretary of State; Hon. W. H. Mylrae, Attorney General and others of the state officers will be present. Hon. H. C. Adams will address the meeting.

DR. HARTMAN COMING.

The Great Eastern Surgeon On His Way Through Wisconsin, Visiting Patients. Old and New.

Dr. Hartman, the President of the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, accompanied by Dr. Miller, a prominent member of the surgical staff of that famous institution, is making a tour of the State of Wisconsin. They will visit nearly every county seat in the State. The object of this tour is to bring to the people of the State of Wisconsin most of the benefits that are to be secured at the Surgical Hotel. The continuous hard times of the past, exceeding anything that has occurred in the history of this country, has made it practically impossible for many people who would like to visit the Surgical Hotel to do so. Thousands of crippled and cases of defective eyes, ears, speech, malignant tumors and chronic ailments of all sorts have been awaiting better times in order to avail themselves of the skillful treatment of the physicians and the facilities afforded at the Surgical Hotel. To meet this great exigency this tour has been planned and a schedule of visits has been announced in the Surgical Hotel Journal. Watch for these announcements, as the visits will be necessarily short, and no one afflicted with any chronic malady of any sort whatever ought to miss this rare opportunity to consult these surgeons and be treated by them. They will stop at Rhinelander, Wis., two days, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 21 and 22, 1896, at the Fuller House. Office hours: from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Six Years in Waupun.

W. H. Williams was sentenced by Judge Bardeen in the Circuit Court Tuesday to six years in Waupun. He was charged with forgery, having passed a worthless check on Chas. Johnson, of the City Hotel, about three months ago. Williams is about forty-eight years old and has served terms in both Waupun and Joliet prisons for offenses of a similar nature to the one for which he was convicted. The strange actions of the prisoner after hearing his sentence led those at the jail to think that he had taken poison. He was raving in his cell and pounding his head against the walls. A doctor was hastily summoned and a stomach pump used on him. No poison was found however but the man was closely watched to prevent any further action of the sort. He was taken to Waupun Tuesday night by Sheriff Smith.

Notice.

Sealed bids will be received by the city clerk, Wm. Carr, for wood to be delivered at the following school buildings:

High School, center.....	100 cords 4 ft.
McConl. north side.....	60 " "
South Park, south side.....	60 " "
Curran.....	50 " "
Old School, Thayer St.....	20 " 2 ft.

The wood to be Hard Maple and Yellow Birch and it must be straight body wood, sound and not less than 50 per cent. Hard Maple. All bids must be handed in on or before Nov. 2, 1896, at noon.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

IS THE MATTER OF THE VOLUNTARY ASSIGNMENT OF JAMES McKEE.
Upon the petition of the application of James McKEE, of the City of Rhinelander, in said county, which application was on the 12th of October, 1896, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of said county, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, in Oneida County, State of Wisconsin, for a discharge from his debts; said application to Hon. Chas. F. Bardeen, presiding Justice of this Court, within one year after filing a copy of his assignment in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, as required by law; which assignment was made by said James McKEE on the 17th day of April, 1896, to Alexander McKee, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, in Oneida County, Wisconsin, for the benefit of said trust for the creditors of said James McKEE, the Assignor; a copy of which assignment was, on the 17th day of April, 1896, duly filed in the office of W. F. Cain, Esq., the Clerk of the Circuit Court of this County, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, in the aforesaid County and State; said application having been filed and presented as above, before the said Justices of the Court, and the accounts of the Assignor under his assignment.

Therefore it is ordered that all the creditors of said James McKEE, with the exception of those who have filed claims in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at his chambers in the City of Waupun, Wisconsin, on the 25th day of November, 1896, at 9 o'clock A. M. of that day, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, why such creditors should not be discharged from their debts.

That a copy of this order be published once each week for at least six consecutive weeks prior to the day of hearing in the New North, which is a newspaper published at Rhinelander in the County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin.
That a copy of such application and of this order be, within five days from the date of this order, deposited in the postoffice at Waupun, directed to each of the creditors of such assignor, and that whose address is known to such creditor debtor.
Dated October 12, 1896.
CHAS. F. BARDEEN, Circuit Judge.

Andy Bolger was down from Minocqua Friday.

Miss Maggie Chagnon has recovered from typhoid fever.

W. H. Knox, of Knox Mills, was in town last Saturday on business.

J. O. Moen, of Hebard, was a Rhinelander caller last Saturday.

Note the slaughter in prices of men's pants at Gray's this week.

Court Reporter Hart, of Wausau, is here on professional business this week.

Henderson corsets are the best made. For sale at the Cash Department Store.

Miss Nettie Whelan, teacher at Woodboro, visited Miss Nellie Cole over Sunday.

The one and only perfect fitting corset is the Henderson. Sold only at the Cash Department Store.

Elias Dau, of the sixth ward, has purchased the house recently vacated by L. Zollinskey, on Stevens street, and has moved into it.

If in need of anything in men's pants, shoes or underwear you can save money on them by buying at Gray's.

Louis Zollinskey has packed his stock of clothing and furnishing goods and removed it to Manitowish where he will open a large store.

Henderson's new corset gives the fashionable long tapering waist and the graceful curves that belong to the perfect figure.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Large quantities of farm produce are being brought in the city by our farmers. The potato crop is good and the tubers bring twenty-five cents a bushel.

Cross-cut saws gammed at the Rhinelander Iron Co. A new apparatus for this purpose enables us to put old saws in first-class shape.

If.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Ind. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

A. R. Reed was over from Merrill Tuesday.

E. R. Reynolds, of Ashland, was in our city Monday.

Lew McBride, of Hazelhurst, is in our city attending court.

W. B. Holt, of Oconto, was a Rhinelander caller Monday.

L. S. Colon, of Wausau, is in the city this week attending court.

Mrs. E. Evans, of Woodboro, was a Rhinelander caller last Saturday.

Geo. W. Robertson, of Eau Claire, was in the city Tuesday on business.

St. Augustine's Guild will meet with Mrs. Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 21.

Frank Bryant, of Sand Lake, called on his friends in the city last Saturday.

Bert Jenkinson, of Oshkosh, spent a few days in our city visiting his parents.

Mothers' choice boys' suits at the Cash Department Store. A new suit gratis if the seams rip.

The young people of the Congregational church will give a Quil social at the parsonage Friday evening.

Don't forget that the best line of ladies' and misses' jackets and capes is to be found at Gray's.

The ducks are being chased pretty lively these times. Some take the precaution to go after them with Winchester even.

Mrs. G. W. Van Verst would like a few more pupils in voice culture and piano. Terms 50 cents per lesson.

Charley Long has received five bushels of Chinese Lilies which he will give away to customers. To those who wish to buy he will sell them at 15 cents a piece.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

DOMESTIC.

Michael's university was burned to the ground at Logansport, Ind., entailing a loss of \$50,000. The 200 students escaped, but lost their clothing and considerable money.

President Cleveland has closed up his house at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., and returned to Washington.

Four footpads in Chicago waylaid Abraham Shepherd and William Van Ornum, bookmakers from the Ideal park race track, and robbed them of \$1,446.

Mrs. T. Savage, her infant child and two young sons were burned to death in their home at Summit, Ore. Faulty play is suspected.

Commercial street, a business thoroughfare at Jellico, Tenn., was destroyed by fire.

The Tyler Car & Lumber company at Tyler, Tex., failed with liabilities of \$250,000.

R. L. Price & Co., clothing manufacturers in New York, failed for \$125,000.

Albert Radloff, Gus Kruger and a man whose name is not given died at Merrill, Wis., from the effects of eating poisoned fish and many other persons were ill from the same cause.

In a battle between the full-breeds and squaw men in the Cherokee country, on Horse creek, several squaws and their white husbands were killed.

The stage running between Sonoma and Oakland, Cal., was robbed of the mail and express matter by a lone highwayman.

W. T. Johnson, G. W. Parker and J. C. Miller, accused of having robbed the railroad companies running out of Chicago of thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise, have been arrested in Chicago.

Two engines collided on the Southern Pacific at Green's Station, Ore., killing two persons and injuring four others.

The police of New Haven, Conn., believe that brakemen of the Consolidated railroad have been ruthlessly murdering tramps caught stealing rides on cars of that line.

A statement issued by the agricultural department shows that the total commerce of the United States, including imports and exports, for the ten years ended June 30 last was \$16,012,205,253, or a yearly average of more than \$1,600,000,000.

Charles F. Nitz, a prominent young Chicago physician, stabbed his wife to death after a quarrel and then killed himself.

While returning to Warsaw, Ill., in a skiff from a political meeting the boat upset and John Reed, of Warsaw; John Simms, of Burlington, Ia., and George Wintrow, of Farmington, Ia., were drowned.

The house of Henry Campbell at Westford, N. Y., was burned and Mr. Campbell and his wife, both about 70 years of age, perished in the flames.

Five trains were wrecked in a fog at Argentine, Mo., but no one was killed. The Harlem Casino company in New York failed for \$104,000.

The thirty-eighth anniversary of the famous debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas was celebrated at Galesburg, Ill. A memorial tablet was unveiled at Knox college and addresses were made by Chauncey M. Depew, Robert T. Lincoln and Senator Palmer.

Two masked men walked into the Sherburne (Minn.) bank and without uttering a word shot down Assistant Cashier Thornburn and J. A. Oester, a traveling agent, and carried off at least \$1,000.

A locomotive and 12 freight cars were wrecked near Huntington, W. Va., and Engineer S. P. Brown and Fireman W. J. Gordon were fatally injured.

The building at Peoria, Ill., occupied by the Parsons Hosiery Institute and the Life Manufacturing company, was nearly destroyed by fire, the loss being \$100,000.

In Nebraska the bank at Shelby was robbed by burglars of \$2,100 and the bank at Plattsmouth of \$1,500.

The First national bank of Ithaca, Mich., closed its doors.

Over 250,000 persons in St. Louis witnessed the eighteenth annual parade of the Vellied Prophets.

A cyclone did great damage to property at Edmond, O. T., and several persons were injured.

James Magre and William Lamont, employees at the Carrie furnace near Rockin, Pa., were burned to death by a gas explosion.

A large tar still at the Standard oil refinery in Lima, O., exploded, fatally burning two workmen, William Patrick and A. J. McElroy.

John S. Johnson broke the world's two-mile bicycle record, riding the distance in 2:23 2-3 on the Garfield park track in Chicago.

George J. Marsh, treasurer of the Cape Ann savings bank at Gloucester, Mass., committed suicide, and it is said that he was a defaulter to the extent of \$150,000.

In the fourth and final game at Cleveland of the Temple cup national league baseball series of 1906 between the Baltimore and Cleveland the former club won, the score being 5 to 0.

All the bridges over Union river and the Iron river bridge and nearly all of the 20 bridges between Camp Union and Ontonagon, Mich., have been burned by forest fires, and much farm property has also been destroyed.

The Morocco factories of Garrett & Harr, Charles Baird & Co. and Washington, Jones & Co., in Wilmington, Del., were damaged to the extent of \$250,000 by fire and William McNeal, a fireman, was killed by falling walls.

The National Wholesale Druggists' association in session in Philadelphia elected as president John B. Percell, of Richmond.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 9th aggregated \$1,035,117,153, against \$994,271,419 the previous week. The decrease compared with the corresponding week in 1905 is 4.0.

Burglars entered the bank at Brainerd, Minn., and demolished the vault with dynamite, but failed to secure any money.

There were 236 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 9th, against 313 the week previous and 208 in the corresponding period of 1905.

The National Association of Life Underwriters in session in Washington elected as president E. W. Christie, of Cleveland, O.

In celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the great Chicago fire nearly 100,000 citizens marched on the 9th in the business men's "round money" parade in that city.

In the evening the advocates of free silver to the number of about 20,000 paraded the streets.

John Lunn, wholesale grain dealer in Philadelphia, failed for \$100,000.

All kite-flying records were broken at the Blue Hill observatory near Boston, where nine kites went to the height of 9,385 feet above the sea level.

The Minnesota conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in session at Austin voted in favor of admitting women as delegates to the general conference.

Burglars robbed every store and shop at Atwater, O.

Albert Bray, aged 39, a farmer living near Noblesville, Ind., cut the throats of his wife, his 9-year-old son, Carl, his 2-year-old daughter, Edna, and then killed himself. No cause is known for the deed.

Mrs. Henry Grundy, a rich widow aged 69, died at Youngstown, O., as the result of starvation. Her husband recently died and she afterward refused all food.

A man entered the bank at Hardie, Ia., covered the cashier with a revolver and escaped with \$700.

The Jasper county jail at Paulding, Miss., was burned and two prisoners, E. A. Strickland and Mollie Daniels, a negro woman, were cremated.

George Sanders fatally assaulted with a club a piano tuner named Fisher at La Grange, Ind., and then hanged himself to a rafter in a deserted house.

Cornell, Ia., was visited by a fire which destroyed one-third of the business houses, the loss being \$200,000.

Dr. Andrew J. Parry, aged 50, pastor of the Abury Methodist church in Buffalo, dropped dead on the street at Cornell, N. Y.

For splitting in his son's face Temple Houston shot and fatally wounded J. B. Jenkins at Woodward, O. T.

Fred Pratt, the companion of John D. Sair in the bank robbery and double murder at Sherburne, Minn., was arrested at Albert Lea, in that state.

James Anderson and Henry Cyat, both colored, were shot to death by a mob near Taylor's Ferry, Ala. They were accused of having murdered and robbed Randolph Falls, a farmer.

A hurricane caused immense damage to property on the New England coast and the loss of several lives.

At Garfield park, Chicago, James Michael, the Welchman, clipped 15 seconds off the American five-mile bicycle record. His time for the distance was 9:20.

Mrs. G. Walsdorfer, of Leo, O., was playing with her baby, when the child struck its mother in the eyes with its finger nails, rendering her hopelessly blind.

The Security Trust company, a banking concern at Nashua, N. H., failed for \$200,000.

Charles Hadworth and Henry Welsh were executed at Wewoka, O. T., for murder.

The exports of specie from the port of New York for the week ended on the 10th amounted to \$1,000 in gold and \$573,740 in silver. The imports were: Gold, \$2,212,296; silver, \$57,507.

Prof. J. A. Blaisdell, aged 69 years, of Heliott college, committed suicide at Kenosha, Wis. Sickness was the cause.

Snow fell in portions of Nebraska with a temperature of only ten degrees above zero.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

William D. Eloxham was elected governor of Florida by the democrats by about 20,000 majority.

Rhode Island republicans met at Providence and named presidential electors.

W. Y. Atkinson was reelected governor of Georgia by the democrats by a majority of not less than 25,000.

Gov. George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, once a famous political speaker, died at the National soldiers' home in Hampton, Va.

The national democrats of Connecticut met at Hartford and placed in nomination presidential electors and a full state ticket headed by Joel A. Sperry for governor.

Jabez Chapman, of Girard, Pa., celebrated his one hundredth birthday and the event was made the occasion of a public holiday in the village.

Silas J. Woodson, who was governor of Missouri from 1872 to 1876, died in St. Joseph, aged 77 years.

In reply to a letter of the business men of the Catholic churches of St. Paul, Minn., of all politics, Archbishop Ireland gave out a letter in which he states his reasons why he is opposed to the Chicago platform, which he says is anarchistic and a menace to the union.

Commander W. W. Gilpatrick, of the United States navy, dropped dead of heart disease in Cincinnati.

Ex-Gov. Levi Fuller died at Brattleboro, Vt., aged 56 years. In 1855 he was elected to the state senate, in 1856 as lieutenant governor and in 1857 governor of Vermont.

T. Towner Root, senior member of the well-known music publishing house of E. T. Root & Sons, died in Chicago, aged 74 years.

Secretary of State Palmer decided that the national democratic party is entitled to a column on the official ballot in New York.

Rev. Crosby H. Wheeler, D. D., the well-known missionary of the American board, died at Auburndale, Mass. He was located at Kharpoat, Turkey, for 29 years.

John H. Williams, aged 60 years, dropped dead at Norristown, Pa. Mr. Williams gained a national reputation as the "funny man" of the Norristown Herald.

FOREIGN.

Fire destroyed 15 squares at Guayaquil, Ecuador, including the most important and valuable edifices in the city.

Gen. Louis Jules Trochu, the noted French soldier, who defended Paris in the Franco-German war, died at Tours, aged 81 years.

The Turkish government has refused to admit the United States cruiser Hancock through the Dardanelles, and, therefore, she will not be able to act as the guardship of the United States legation in those waters.

Further advices from Guayaquil, Ecuador, say that the great fire there caused a loss of \$20,000,000, and that 20,000 persons are homeless.

The great strike on the Canadian Pacific road in Canada was declared off, the company agreeing that all men shall be taken back except those guilty of destroying property or criminally jeopardizing life.

The Earl of Rosebery, the late premier of the liberal government in succession to Mr. Gladstone, has resigned the leadership of the liberal party.

A terrific gale was raging on the English coast and immense damage had been done to property and many lives were reported lost.

Advices from Cuba say the insurgents have burned the tobacco and sugar estate of Santa Rosa in Matanzas, which cost over \$1,000,000 and belonged to Miguel Aldama. They have also burned the tobacco and sugar estates of Maria Louisa at Cuenillas and of Puerto at Cavasi, the loss being \$500,000.

Since October 2 there have been 76 deaths at Bombay, India, from bubonic fever, and Aden and Egyptian ports have declared a quarantine against Indian arrivals.

In a collision at Hull, England, between the steamers Alexander and Ender the former sunk, drowning ten of her crew.

The Norwegian bark Aradne, Capt. Paulsen, ran ashore at Green Cove, N. S., during a gale and went to pieces and the captain and nine of the crew were drowned.

George du Maurier, the artist and novelist, author of "Trilby," died in London, aged 62 years.

It is said that a written treaty of alliance is in existence between Russia and France, but that it is only defensive in its provisions.

The treaty which has for some time past been pending between Nicaragua and Germany has been ratified by congress.

The German government has followed up its prohibition of the importation of American dressed beef and live cattle into Germany by shutting out American canned beef from the German markets.

Advices from Turkey say that the governor of Mytilene had discovered a plot of Turkish students to bring about a general massacre of Christians, and that four of the ringleaders had been arrested.

Floods in Siberia have rendered thousands homeless and destitute and caused the loss of many lives.

The archbishop of Canterbury was seized with apoplexy during service at Hawarden church in London and died in a short time. He was 69 years old.

LATER.

Coney Island was swept by the highest tide in the history of the famous resort the 12th. A large number of temporary structures along the front were destroyed. The boulevard was flooded as far as Neptune avenue.

The shelter houses at the intersection of the concourse and boulevard were washed away. All of the hotels suffered considerable damage.

Philip Knof, county clerk of Cook county, Ill., was arrested the 12th, charged with malfeasance in office. The special offense alleged was the signing of naturalization papers without authority of the court.

The Mt. Carmel coal mine at Shamokin, Pa., was on fire the 12th.

The supreme court of Kings county, New York, decided the 12th that the Palmer and Buckner delegates could not use the name "National Democrats" on the official ballot.

W. J. Bryan made four speeches in Minnesota the 12th, and it is estimated 40,000 people heard him.

The 43d session of the International Typographical union began at Colorado Springs, Colo., the 12th, with 192 delegates in attendance.

The last of the two Sherburne robbers was placed in jail at Fairmont, Minn. the 12th. He made a second confession and admitted his part in setting a barn on fire and attempting to rob the bank during the excitement of the burning at Heron Lake, a week ago.

He also said that he and the man killed at Elmore robbed the hardware store of revolvers and bicycles, as well as the bank at Sherburne.

Bafford Oreston was hanged at Middleboro, Ky., the 12th, for the murder of Gustave and Julia Joell, two Jewish peddlers.

Helen Forsland, a member of the Salvation army at Battle, Mont., committed suicide the 12th by taking poison.

Three men were killed the 12th by a fall of rock in the Laffin mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

WHEAT—No. 1 Northern		10 1/2
2 Northern	10 1/4	10 1/4
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100 Northern	10 1/4	10 1/4

WORK OF BANDITS.

Gory Deed of Desperadoes at Sherburne, Minn.

Rob a Bank and Kill Two Men—One of Them Being Overtaken Shortly Afterward by Sheriff and Killed Himself.

Sherburne, Minn., Oct. 8.—This town is in the wildest state of excitement over the most thrilling tragedy that ever occurred in southern Minnesota.

The bank of Sherburne was robbed of a large sum of money and two men were almost instantly killed at about 1:20 p. m. Wednesday. About noon two men, one of whom looked like a nerve, rode along the main street on bicycles.

They were both well dressed, but were unshaven and travel-stained. The strangers hung around the outskirts until shortly after one o'clock, apparently sizing up the situation. At that time they sauntered lazily down the street and stopped immediately in front of the bank of Sherburne.

After a moment's talk they went into the bank, and the elder of the two men engaged Assistant Cashier George Thornburn in conversation.

Precisely what occurred inside the bank is not known, as nobody was on the street in the immediate vicinity at that time. One of the desperadoes, however, evidently got hold of a roll of bills containing about \$1,000. Thornburn probably tried to prevent the men from getting away with the money, and they whipped out their revolvers and began firing, and at the same time retreating.

One of the bullets struck Thornburn in the neck and another cut the aorta, causing almost instant death from internal hemorrhage. The shooting in the bank aroused the town and people began running in that direction. The first man to reach the place was Olaf Oester, of Lurline, a traveling salesman for the Wood Harvester company, of St. Paul.

The desperadoes evidently feared that they would be captured, as they quickly turned their firearms upon Oester. He made a dash to grapple with them, but was not quick enough, as he was struck on the head and fell dead at their feet. They ran down the street, firing at random, while people in the street scurried to places of safety.

The fleeing robbers ran about three blocks to a clump of bushes, where they had coaxed their wheels, mounted them and rode rapidly away toward the Iowa line, six miles to the south.

Mayor C. E. Everett at once did all in his power together with the town marshal to run down the bandits. He also sent a dispatch to Gov. Clough at St. Paul, telling him of the awful tragedy and asking advice.

Wells, Minn., Oct. 10.—John D. Sair, who no doubt engineered the robbery at Sherburne Wednesday afternoon, is dead, as is also Marshal Gallien, of Bancroft, Ia. This bloody sequel to the Martin county tragedy came a few minutes after nine o'clock Friday morning in a bloody battle on the state line road near Elmore, Minn.

A posse of 100 men in command of Deputy Sheriff Ward, of Martin county, got on the trail of Sair shortly after daylight and tracked him to a farmhouse. Deputy Ward knocked at the door and was answered by a woman, but before she had spoken three words Sair rushed up behind her and began firing over her shoulder at the officers. He fired seven times in quick succession, one of the bullets striking Marshal Gallien in the forehead and killing him instantly.

The desperado then quickly ran out of the house by way of the back door, mounted his bicycle and dashed off toward the east. The posse caught sight of him and followed close behind. This chase was kept up for four miles, when Sair broke a pedal on his wheel and took to the fields on foot.

As he ran across a cornfield toward a clump of trees Deputy Sheriff Ward dashed up, dismounted, and, resting his gun upon a tree, fired the shot from his Winchester taking effect in the robber's shoulder. The latter fell, it was supposed from the shot from the gun, but when the posse gathered around him it was found he had shot himself in the head, the shoulder wound only being a slight one. Upon examining the body the officers found a portion of the money stolen from Sherburne in an inside pocket of his shirt, the amount being about \$500. Fastened to a belt around his body were two revolvers and a wicked-looking dirk knife. The body was taken to Elmore at noon and there was taken to Sherburne later. The coroner's inquest has adjourned until Monday without finding a verdict. The body of the dead marshal was taken to Bancroft, Ia.

Albert Lea, Minn., Oct. 12.—Fred Pratt, the companion of John D. Sair in the bank robbery and double murder at Sherburne, this state, last Wednesday, is in jail here, having been taken into custody Saturday morning while attempting to escape from the woods where he was surrounded. Pratt was captured near Lake Mills, Winnebago county, Ia., about 12 miles from the place where Sair killed himself.</

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For Secretary of State—

Henry Casson, of Vernon.

For Treasurer—

Sevalla A. Peterson, of Barron.

For Attorney General—

W. H. Mylrea, of Marathon.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—

John O. Emery, of Dane.

For Railroad Commissioner—

Duncan J. McKenzie, of Buffalo.

For Insurance Commissioner—

Wm. A. Fricke, of Milwaukee.

For Member of Congress, 5th District—

Alexander Stewart, of Manitowish.

For State Senator—

E. H. Winchester, of Price.

For Member of Assembly—

Gid H. Clark, of Oneida.

For Sheriff—

W. T. Stevens.

For County Clerk—

George W. Porter.

For County Treasurer—

Chas. Woodcock.

For Clerk of Court—

E. C. Debevoise.

For District Attorney—

Sam S. Miller.

For Register of Deeds—

E. M. Douglass.

For School Superintendent—

F. M. Mason.

For Surveyor—

A. Sievwright.

For Coroner—

G. C. Piny.

WHAT POPULISM DID FOR KANSAS

And What it will do for the United States if Bryan is Elected.

(Extract from Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.)

Today the Kansas Department of

Agriculture sent out a statement

which indicates that Kansas has

gained less than 2,000 people in the

last year. There are about 125,000

families in the state, and there were

about 10,000 babies born in Kansas.

and yet so many people left the state

that the natural increase is cut down

to less than 2,000 net. This has been

going on for eight years.

If there had been a high brick wall

around the state eight years ago and

not a soul had been admitted or per-

mitted to leave, Kansas would be half

a million souls better off than she is

today. And yet the nation has in-

creased in population. In five years

10,000,000 people have been added to

the national population—yet instead

of gaining a share of this, say 500,000

—Kansas has apparently been a

plague spot, and in the very garden

of the world has lost population by

the ten thousands every year.

Not only has she lost population, but

she has lost wealth. Every moneyed

man in the state who could get out

without great loss has gone. Every

month in every community sees some-

one who has little money pick up and

leave the state. This has been going

on for eight years. Money is being

drained out all the time. In towns

where ten years ago there were three

or four or half a dozen money-lending

concerns, stimulating industry by fur-

nishing capital, there is now none, or

one or two that are looking after the

interest and principal already out-

standing.

No one brings any money into Kan-

sas any more. What community

knows over one or two men who have

moved in with more than \$5,000 in

the last three years? And what com-

munity cannot count half a score of

men in that time who have left, tak-

ing all the money they could scrape

together?

Yet the nation has grown rich.

Other states have increased in popu-

lation and wealth—other neighboring

states. Missouri has gained nearly

2,000,000, while Kansas has been

losing 500,000. Nebraska has gained

in wealth and population, while Kan-

sas has gone down hill.

What is the matter with Kansas?

There is no substantial city in the

state. Every big town save one has

lost in population. Yet Kansas City,

Omaha, Lincoln, St. Louis, Denver,

Colorado Springs, Sedalia, Des

Moines, the cities of the Dakotas, St.

Paul and Minneapolis—all cities and

towns in the West—have steadily

grown.

Take up the government blue book

and you will see that Kansas is vir-

tually off the map. Two or three

little scabby consular places in yellow

fever stricken communities that do

not aggregate \$10,000 a year is all

the recognition Kansas has. Nebr-

aska draws \$50,000; Oklahoma

doubles Kansas; Missouri leaves her

a thousand miles behind; Colorado in

almost seven times greater than Kan-

sas—the whole West is ahead of Kan-

sas.

Take it by any standard you please,

Kansas is not in it.

Go East, and you hear them laugh at Kansas; go West, and they sneer at her; go South, and they "cuss" her; go North, and they have forgotten her. Go into any crowd of intelligent people gathered anywhere on the globe and you will find the Kansas man on the defensive. The newspaper columns and magazine pages, once devoted to praise of the state, to laudatory facts and startling figures concerning her resources, now are filled with cartoons, gibes and "Pfefferian" speeches. Kansas just naturally isn't in the civilized world. She has traded places with Arkansas and Timbuctoo.

What's the matter with Kansas?

We all know; yet here we are at it again. We have an old moss-back

Jacksonian, who snorts and howls be-

cause there is a bathtub in the state-

house; we are running that old Jay

for governor. We have another shib-

by, wild-eyed, rattle-brained fanatic

who has said openly in a dozen

speeches that "the rights of the user

are paramount to the rights of the

owner;" we are running him for chief

justice, so that capital will come

tumbling over itself to get into the

state. We have raked the ash heap

of human failure in the state and

have found an old hoopskirt of a man

who has failed as a business man,

who has failed as an editor, who has

failed as a preacher, and we are going

to run him for congressman-at-large.

He will help the looks of the Kansas

delegation in Washington. Then we

have discovered a kid without a law

practice, and have decided to vote for

him as attorney general. Then for

fear some hint that the state had be-

come respectable might percolate

throughout the civilized portions of

the nations, we have decided to send

three or four harpies out lecturing,

telling the people that Kansas is

raising hell and letting corn go to

weeds.

Oh, this is a state to be proud of.

We are a people who can hold up our

heads. What we need here is less

money, less capital, fewer white shirts

and bras, fewer men with business

judgment and more of these fellows

who boast that they are "just ordi-

nary old clodhoppers, but that they

know more in a minute about finance

than John Sherman." We need more

men who are "posted," who can

tell about the crime of '73, who

hate prosperity, and who think that

because a man believes in national

honor that he is a tool of Wall street.

We have had a few of them, some

150,000, but we want more. We need

several thousand gibbering idiots to

scream about the "Great Red Dragon"

of Lombard street. We don't need

population, we don't need wealth, we

don't need well-dressed men on the

streets, we don't need standing in the

nation, we don't need cities on these

fertile prairies; you bet we don't.

What we are after is the money

power. Because we have become

poorer and orrier and meaner than a

spavined, distempered mule, we, the

people of Kansas, propose to kick.

We don't care to build up; we wish

to tear down.

"There are two ideas of govern-

ment," said our noble Bryan at Chi-

cago. "There are those who believe

that if you just legislate to make the

well-to-do prosperous their prosperity

will leak through on those below.

The Democratic idea has been that if

you legislate to make the masses

prosperous their prosperity will find

its way up and through every class

and rest upon us."

That's the stuff. Give the prosper-

ous man the dickens. Legislate the

thriftiness into ease; whack the stuff-

ing out of the creditors, and tell the

debtors who borrowed money five

years ago, when the money in circula-

tion was more general than it is now,

that the contraction of the currency

gives a right to repudiate.

Whoop it up for the ragged

trousers; put the lazy, greasy fizzle

who can't pay his debts, on an altar

and bow down and worship him. Let

the state ideal be high. What we

need is not the respect of our fellow

men, but a chance to get something

for nothing.

Oh, yes, Kansas is a great state.

Here are people seeing from it by the

score every day, capital going out

of the state by the hundreds of dollars,

and every industry except farming

paralyzed, and that crippled because

its products have to go across the

ocean before they can find a laboring

man at work who can afford to buy

them. Let's don't stop this year.

Let's drive all the decent, self-respect-

ing men out of the state. Let's keep

the old clodhoppers who know it all.

Let's encourage the man who is

"posted." He can talk, and what we

need is not mill hands to eat our

meat, nor factory hands to eat our

wheat, nor titles to oppress the far-

mer by consuming his butter and

eggs and chickens and produce; what

Kansas needs is men who can talk.

who have large leisure to argue the

currency question while their wives

wait at home for that nickel's worth

of Maling.

What's the matter with Kansas?

Nothing under the shining sun.

She is losing wealth, population and

standing. She has got her statesmen,

and the money power is afraid of her.

Kansas is all right. She has started

in to raise hell, as Mrs. Lease advised,

and she seems to have an over-pro-

duction. But that doesn't matter.

Kansas never did believe in diversified

crops. Kansas is all right. There is

absolutely nothing wrong with Kan-

sas. "Every prospect pleases and

only man is vile."

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Best Stallion 4 years old or over \$5.00

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1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th

1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th

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1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th

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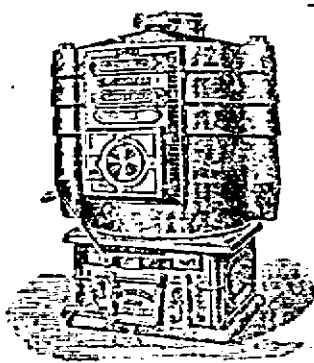
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C. M. CHAMBERS, AGT.

Some Common Sense Suggestions from a Woman's Standpoint on the Political Economy Question.

As this article is concocted and written by one of the weaker (?) persuasion, you of the "Lords of Creation" who may discover a few infinitesimal sparks of antagonism, please do not fan them into a flame as it would not be chivalrous; besides, of what great weight can be the opinion of one who is classed in the same category with Indians and fools on the suffrage question?

However, she is a female who will under all circumstances

"Dare to be a Damsel, dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm, dare to make it known"

also one who is proud to class herself among the intelligent poor—neither of the ignorant disgruntled rabble, nor of the Wall street bankers and Gold Bugs who have their coffers bursting with the glittering circulating medium (?). Just one in the very ordinary walks of life who has neither gold mines nor silver mines to corrupt her politics, and who aspires to at least the brains of a hen.

If the people of this "grand and glorious Republic" (not meaning it in sarcasm either) would but do away with all this twaddle about the free and unlimited coinage of silver (and just think, that too at its former value) and the government owning and running its own banks (why should they not with as much sense own and run their own mills and factories of all kinds?) and find their surplus energy toward a better and higher education and thus all be producers in an indirect way at least by promoting the morals of a community, would it not be much more conducive of prosperity and consequent happiness?

The necessity of education to the existence and permanence of popular government; the moral consequences, on the one hand, of its encouragement, and on the other, of neglecting it; and the vast economical benefit resulting from it—are universally recognized among us.

It is conceded by all economists that association is necessary for the greatest production. In order to have successful association we must have confidence, and how can we have confidence in its fullest sense without justice, integrity and morality—in a word, without honesty? For a lack of either essentials is assuredly dishonesty.

Instead of spending good breath—which might be put to better use in cooling our porridge—in arguing the money question, how much nobler would it be to exert our influence toward ridding the country of some of its conspicuous evils, such as frauds of all kinds—money trusts, monopolies, etc.—unlimited emigration and the curse of intemperance.

The object of Political Economy is rather to enhance the value of man than the multiplication of material wealth or the increase of commerce, except as the latter are conditions of the former.

Oh, the terrible responsibility that rests upon the intelligent moral people of the land, and the awful tussle that must forever be waged with sin and iniquity to keep it under! And why, oh why, should there be such a hue and cry of labor versus capital?

We can all be capitalists if we choose, for it does not require wealth in order to effect that result. In fact wealth that is always idle is never capital; as is the case where people refuse to use their wealth for further production; while the laborer who

has reserved out of his earnings enough to buy him a set of tools or a few acres of land, is as really a capitalist as the owner of factories and railroads.

We all realize that the relation of capital and labor is in general, that of mutual dependence. Capital can produce nothing without labor. Labor works at an immense disadvantage without capital. Doubtless the precedence must be given to labor since it must have created the first capital, and is therefore competent to effect some rude production without capital. But each is essential to any considerable effectiveness of the other, and there is no real antagonism between them.

The conflicts of capitalists and laborers so often manifested, arises out of the selfishness and ignorance of the human agents and not out of the nature of things.

While I have ever had a great respect and sympathy for the honest poor, I have no patience whatever with the improvidence and prodigality of the discontented set who are ever railing against the rich. Many of them have had every bit as good, and some of them better, chances than their well-to-do neighbor had they but been self-denying and energetic enough to take advantage of them.

It is an unquestionable fact that self-denial and economy (not parsimony) enter largely into the requisites for accumulation. Let us look to it that we ourselves learn that lesson well, and then not only endeavor to teach it to our children but to all with whom we come in contact, for rich and poor alike need its precepts to obtain the best out of life, and after all, that is what we are each striving for, though by different roads we seek it. While it is doubtless too true that many wealthy people are niggardly and unjust to the poor, on the contrary, how many, yes how very many, we know to be prodigiously generous with their well-earned means, doing all in their power to help improve their condition.

However, it is not always philanthropy nor justice to bestow gratuitously on the needy. They should be made to be self-supporting and thereby self-respecting; and any reforms in government which will bring about such a state of affairs will be a God-send to the American people.

I have no sympathy with any political party—call it what you may—that can deliberately conceit and distribute lies to advance its theories.

There is a class, probably on both sides of this question before the people, who do not realize that they are uttering falsehoods in their arguments; but as "ignorance of the law excuses no man," so ignorance on these matters cannot entirely exonerate them from the damage they are doing. Let people post themselves thoroughly or "forever afterwards hold their peace." Instead of getting their muscle in training to gobble on to the "big silver dollars" that they imagine are to pour into this country so promiscuously, let them educate themselves to be more deserving of what may, by better living, come to their share.

Nothing but the chattering of an—
TORT.

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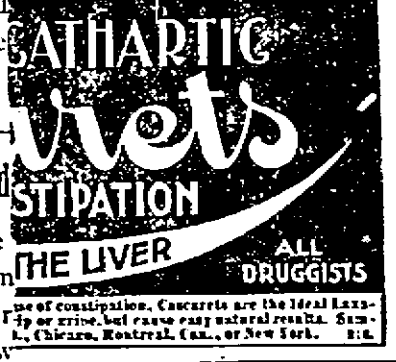
Ironmaster.—"If they say there is a
skeleton in the Hamilton's closet," she
cried, "they live in a fat."—Brooklyn
Life.

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future must be a great soul now.—H. W.
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miss a kiss.—Philadelphia Record.



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THE LIGHT-KEEPER.

BY CLYDE FORD.

There is a lighthouse with ranges behind it at the point where the river spreads into Mud lake as it bears down from the Soo. William Smith, "Old Billy-Smith," as he is better known around the lakes, is and has been the light-keeper for many years. People say it was soon after the war that he received his appointment, and he must have been fully 35 years old then. He is a bent old man now, with long, white hair. Lighthouse-keeping is a lonely life, but perhaps lonelier for a young man than for an old man like Billy, who can look back over 60 years at least. Billy does not call himself lonely, though he is shut away from the world by the wilds of the island behind him and the stretches of Mud lake and the river before him. He tends his lights and his ranges and looks after his cow and garden. He has doubtless grown accustomed to solitude in the years in which he has tended the lighthouse at the point, and would feel confused and disturbed by the bustle of life, even in such a place as the Soo, even as Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, who grew acquainted with the spiders and watched the mice in their moonlight play, who even made friends with his chains, regained his freedom with a sigh.

But the time was when there was not so much difference between the world of men and the world of this one lonely man, when the house of the light-keeper of the point was as full of life and happiness as river homes on other shores of the same waters. That was before Billy's wife died. When Billy came to the lonely home on the river he brought a young wife with him. Nobody but a wife would follow a man into the loneliness of a lighthouse, and nobody but a wife could cheer the loneliness away from a lighthouse until it became the whole world to a man.

One summer day a boy came to the lighthouse keeper's home, and the world was cheerier than ever then. But though one would think that happiness, if it stayed anywhere, ought to cling to a solitary home on Sugar Island, it did not stay. Billy's wife died when they had been married five years, and the boy and Billy were left—the boy with life too young to feel his loss much; Billy with a life up to that time too happy to recover from it. He lost his smile, but learned to love his solitude near her grave.

Billy did not think very profoundly of things—life on the river does not encourage deep thinking—but where philosophy was at fault, his fatherly heart came in, and he figured out when the boy—Joe, he called him—was about eight years old, that he ought not to grow up in the lighthouse. So Billy got a keeper further down the lake to tend his lights a night or two and he went up to the Soo. When he came back he announced to Joe that he had found a home for him and a chance to go to school. Joe cried; the little fellow did not think of school or the town, but only of leaving his father. And Billy cried, too, when he was away from Joe, busied with the lighthouse or garden. But he did not quail, and Joe was sent to the Soo, and he went on with his life alone. In those days, or better said, years, Billy was lonesome, lonesome with consuming eagerness to know and see what his boy was doing in his new home. But the years wore on and the longing in his heart grew to content itself with occasional visits to Joe, and frequent letters from him.

Ten years had gone by since that day when the last joy had left the keeper's heart, and it had changed Joe greatly. Though he knew that his father kept the lighthouse at the point, he regarded him more as some friendly old gentleman who took a kindly interest in him than as his father, and felt himself completely at home in his new surroundings. He regarded the people where he lived as his parents, and with them his real home. I don't know that Billy ever told him that he paid \$200 a year, almost all he saved from his meager salary as keeper, to keep him in his foster home.

Joe was ready to graduate from the high school. It had been in Billy's stipulations with the family that his boy should be kept in school, and if ambition ever came to Billy's soul it took shape in the one desire of seeing Joe finish a school course. Finally the year came. Time passes even in a lighthouse keeper's life, though it may bring but few changes. In Billy's life, however, Joe's graduation was a great event, a

proof with him that time did really go on. A day or so before the time came Billy got a substitute for a few days and went up to the Soo. His old friends there saw him dressed in stylish clothes, the first time, perhaps, since he came to the river with his wife years before. They smiled and remarked to each other that he had come down to see Joe graduate. In some way or other Billy had also found out that flowers were usually given to graduates on such occasions, and he arranged to have a dozen of the costliest roses he could procure ready for the evening. The exercises were held in a large hall, and Billy was the first to arrive, but he took a modest seat in the corner. He had not gone to see Joe since coming to town, for, said he to some old river acquaintances: "He's awful busy, you know, gittin' ready, and I don't want to discommode him any."

Throughout the evening Billy sat as if in a dream. It was very warm, and everybody else was uncomfortable and uneasy, but not so Billy. In stiff new clothes, modern collar and all, he sat as if spellbound, looking at the stage and the graduates where Joe was. "Pritty fine-lookin' boy," he kept repeating to himself. When the diplomas had been distributed and the exercises were over Billy lingered behind. He wanted to see Joe, and was going home with him if "there was any show," he thought to himself. But Joe was in too much of a hurry, going off with some fellows to a special spread, to pay much attention to his father, and so Billy stayed at the Chippewa house instead. He felt a little sad in some way, for he had planned on having a good, long visit with Joe, but he did not think that Joe had been unkind to him—no, of course not, for wasn't Joe his boy? After a short call on Joe next day he went back to the lighthouse at the point.

Two more years went by. Billy still lived his lonesome life, and Joe had become a clerk in a shipping office. In the years since Joe had been in town the keeper had managed by scraping and pinching to save some \$700 in addition to what he had paid out for him. This was deposited in a Soo bank, and as Billy had often told the cashier, it was to set the boy up in business. Joe knew this, too, for his father had told him of it in the short conversation he had had with him after his graduation. Of late, Joe's thoughts had been turning to this \$700 pretty frequently. He had been living a little faster than his salary would permit; and then there were dinners and a little gambling and—well, a young man must enjoy himself. And this \$700 meant so much to him and so little to his father!

One day an upgoing steamer left a letter for Joe from his father. It told him among other things that in a week or so he would come up and arrange for starting him in business, and would be say to Mr. Simonson, the cashier, that he might expect him then.

Again Billy made arrangements to go to the Soo. He rowed out and hailed a passing barge, whose captain he knew, and his boat was towed up for him. He sometimes went up in this way on a large and rowed back the 15 miles; it was an easy pull down the river. It was about three o'clock when Billy arrived in the Soo, and he went at once to the bank. "I've come for my money," said he, presenting himself at the cashier's window, with a glad smile. "Your money? What money?" ejaculated the cashier. And then seeing the look of bewilderment on Billy's face he went on: "Why, we paid the money over to your son on an order from you a week ago. Is there anything wrong?" he asked quickly. "Joe—yes, I wrote him a week ago," said Billy almost to himself. "Never mind; I'll see him." He turned and went slowly toward the door, rubbing his hand across his forehead like a man dazed. A few minutes later he crept into the shipping office and asked timidly for Joe. "I am sorry, Mr. Smith," said the manager politely, "but we were obliged to discharge Joe a week or so ago. He's been somewhat unsteady lately. Here's a letter he asked us to give you if you should call." Here he handed out a letter directed in a hasty scrawl to Mr. William Smith. Billy took it and went out on the dock where his boat was rocking against a post. He tore it open with fingers that seemed to have suddenly grown old and stiff. There was only a line or two:

"I have taken the \$700; you will pardon me if I have anticipated your plans for me. Don't worry about me. I have left for good." It was signed "J."

Like a man of 60 instead of 61, Billy untied his skiff, climbed into it mechanically, and pushed out into the current. "Joe, O Joe," he kept saying to himself. It was late when he reached the point, for his boat had mostly drifted down and once he had caught in an eddy for a long while, and Billy had not noticed it. He did not go to the lighthouse which threw a joyful gleam across the lake, but his feet involuntarily led him along a path which they had trodden for many years. It was the path to his wife's grave. He reached it, got down beside it, laid his old white head upon the green sod. "O Anna, O Joe," he cried softly to himself, and the night wind blew gently across the lake and blended its sighing with the call of the whippoorwill.—Detroit Free Press.

Only One Kind of Diamond. About every year a new variety of "diamond" is put on the market, usually accompanied by guarantees that it contains such and such per cent. of carbon. These things are all glass. There are no halfway or partial diamonds any more than there are half-way vegetables, or fruits that contain 50 per cent. of apples and 50 per cent. of tomatoes. But the market for "Oklahoma diamonds," "Alaska diamonds," "Patagonia diamonds" and the like continues in spite of, or in consequence of, the hard times. They look pretty well for nearly a week. But there is just one kind of diamond, and that is diamond.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Kentucky Journalism. Col. Bludd (of Kentucky)—I am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation, but I have to attend a law suit. Friend—I did not know that you ever had a law suit. What is it about? "The editor of the Blue Grass Eagle stated that I was a low-down, drunken loafer."

"And you, of course, have sued him for libel?" "Not at all. He has sued me for assault and battery, and the worst of it lies in the fact that he has a case against me."—Day City Chat.

Campaign Times. The bugaboo and the rookback were strolling on the way. When the rookback met the bugaboo and said the bugaboo to the rookback, "I hear you're doing fine." Says the rookback to the bugaboo: "Mef I'm working overtime!"—Indianapolis Journal.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.



He had put on his hat, coat and gloves, and was about to start for the club, to spend the evening. "Hold on!" said he to himself. "I must kiss my wife before I go. Business before pleasure!"—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

Often the Case. And this deplorable fact You have had occasion to note, That the one who is saved, as a general thing, Is the fellow who rocks the boat. —Chicago Tribune.

Lot in the Same Line. "Jinks has the air of a man of considerable importance. What's his particular line?" "Oh, nothing much, except telling other people their business and giving us all pointers on how to run the government."—Chicago Post.



AUTUMN SCENES ON THE FARM. WHAT COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS ARE DOING AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

Torn About. "Robbed the landlady of the boarding-house where he had lived for years." "Yes. Stole \$200 in money and ran away." "He was a most ungrateful thief." "I don't know. The other boarders said it was simply a case of tit for tat. She cooked his hash and he hooked her cash."—Chicago Tribune.

With a Personal Application. Mr. Meeker—Did you know, my dear, that the scientists say it is the female mosquito that bites? Mrs. Meeker—I have no doubt of it. Probably she had to support herself while her lazy husband is down town talking politics.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Advice. "I'm in a serious cindishun, phys'cally," remarked Col. Redbeak, as he lurched into a drug store at three a. m. "Wash'll I take?" "I would advise you to take a back," replied the man behind the counter.—Buffalo Express.

Wouldn't Suit the Furniture. Doctor—No wonder you are sick. Open the blinds and let the sunshine into your room.

Fair Patient—Mersey! It wouldn't harmonize with this expensive furniture. Sunshine is disgustingly cheap.—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Explained. Husband—I don't understand why it should always take you two days to make your purchases. Wife—Simple enough, my dear. I must have one day in which to buy things and the next day in which to exchange them.—Fleegende Blatter.

The House. Algernon—For a long time I was in doubt whether to kiss Miss Maude or not. Alfred—Well, what did you do? Algernon—Gave her the benefit of the doubt.—Washington Times.

Mrs. Letitia Loretta Walker, of Greenville, O., has been a widow for 71 years. Her age is 101.

Been There Before. Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's musicale)—Merry! What are all these wash-bowlers and flatirons, and things in the parlor for? Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished those things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection heard above the conversation.—N. Y. Weekly.

She Was Made Up. Lord Notcham—Just go and inquire if her ladyship is nearly ready to drive out.

John Thomas—Yes, my lord. (An interval elapses.) Lord Notcham—Well? John Thomas—The lady's maid informs me, my lord, that her ladyship is not quite ready. Part of her has been accidentally mislaid.—Judy.

Distinctive Facts Wanted. Mrs. Mover—What! Don't you remember Blank street? Why, we went there two or three times to look for a house.

Mr. Mover—Huh! Name some street we haven't been to looking for houses and perhaps I'll remember it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Equal to the Occasion. "Waiter," sharply spoke the guest, "I ordered Roquefort and you have brought me Swiss. You ought to know that's not just the cheese." "Yes, sir," replied the imperturbable waiter, making the desired change and slapping down a larger check, "that alters the case, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Gloomy Prospect. "You're somebody now," said the neglected horse, looking through the inclosure at the prize pig, "but one of these days somebody will invent a sausage that can be made of the cast-off pneumatic tires of bicycles, and your name will be Dennis, too."—Chicago Tribune.

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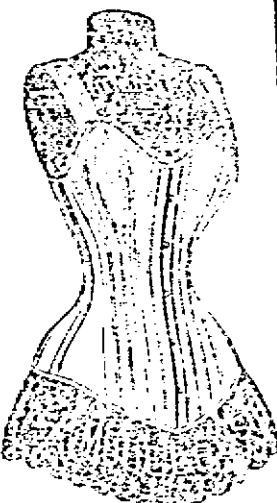
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(CONTINUED.)

fixed upon Eric in an unrelenting glare. The latter made no move to prevent him, thinking him completely cowed, but the shock of his appearance had destroyed Chalpa's reason. It was madness that gleamed in his eye now, and it was a madman's act that next followed. As he reached the table in the center of the room he seized a long iron knife, and in an instant sprang upon Eric. Kulean's cry was Gilbert's warning, for he had turned partly away, and he drew his revolver instantly, but the savage lunge made by Chalpa struck the weapon, and it fell from his grasp.

He saw the maddened eyes, like those of a hungry wolf, before him, and he struck at them. The blow sent the priest clear across the room, but he was at Eric before he could gain his weapon. Another right hander—and one which in Eric's usual condition of health would have finished the battle—took him in the cheek and sent him to the floor. His weapon cut into Eric's arm in its fall, but he did not feel the wound, for his blood was up. A third time the priest gained his feet and sprang at him. His cheek had puffed up and his left eye was partly closed; his teeth ground in frantic rage. He came at Eric more cautiously, with more deadly care, and made a half circle before him. Gilbert dared not stoop for his pistol and stood prepared to strike with all his strength, which he felt was already waning.

Suddenly, as with the practiced boxer's perception he watched the gleaming eyes before him, he saw their purpose change, and then he saw or felt that the priest was about to throw the knife. His hand was raised, and his fingers lessened their hold upon the blade, and then Eric saw a flash, a loud report rang through the room, and Chalpa dropped the knife and fell prone upon his face. He rose in a moment to his knees in a convulsive effort and strained every muscle to gain his feet. His body swayed forward twice; then, with his empty hands reaching forward with a wild, clenching motion, he fell on his face again, dead.

Jan-ila stood in the doorway with the smoking rifle in his hand and a smile of mixed wonder and complacency on his face.

"You have killed him?" cried Eric as he placed the now unconscious girl upon his bed.

"Yes," said Listah, appearing behind Jan-ila and looking somewhat askance at the rifle. "He would have killed you. He deserved his death; it is justice."

"Thanks to the gods," interposed Jan-ila, "he is now out of the way. I can breathe easier."

Eric cut the bonds that confined Kulean's limbs, and as he did so Jan-ila cried out:

"Some one comes!"

As he spoke Tepepec stood in the doorway, and after giving one look at the prostrate form of his dead accomplice turned and was lost in the darkness. Listah called to him, but received no answer; they only heard his rapid footfalls as he hurried toward the city.

"He has gone to get help," said Jan-ila. "We may have to defend ourselves until we can summon our own forces. I will go to the city and arouse our friends."

"No, let me go," suggested Listah. "I am too old to be of as much use here as you."

"Yes, Listah can go," said Eric. "He can best serve us so, and meanwhile if we have to fight we can hold this place against a thousand until he brings help."

Listah departed immediately. They carried the corpse of Chalpa out and laid it upon a blanket.

"Now for preparations," cried Eric. "First let us wait down the roof, for if they fight as they may try to fire that first."

This they set about doing at once. As they worked they heard sounds in the city which told them that the people had been aroused by the rifle shot. They could see lights moving upon the roofs and hear the shouts of the people. A little later they saw a group approaching the house which was now to be a fortress. It was too dark to distinguish the features of those approaching, and they retired within doors to await them. The group halted within a hundred yards of the house, and the watchers heard them conversing in low tones.

Shortly afterward another and larger party appeared and joined forces with those already upon the ground. Eric began to feel that they were really besieged. No move was made by the enemy, however, and he concluded that they were awaiting the light of day to begin operations. It was now about two o'clock in the morning. Lela had recovered consciousness and had been so calmed by the presence of her lover and brother that she had sunk to sleep. Eric's own eyes were heavy, for he had not slept for two nights. Jan-ila, who was as fresh looking as a boy and as watchful as a cat, whispered to him when they had grown tired of watching and waiting for some action on the part of the besiegers:

"Lie down, master; you and Kulean both need rest, and I will watch them. If anything happens I will awaken you at once."

Realizing the need of rest, Eric felt the force of this advice, and after a few words of caution to their sentinel threw himself upon his back. Kulean stretched himself beside his sister, and in a very few minutes they were both soundly sleeping. Jan-ila sat upon the dooryill, with his eyes fixed upon the silent forces of the enemy. He felt

rather than saw that there were eyes in the darkness watching him, also closer perhaps than he imagined, and he involuntarily drew indoors as he speculated upon an unseen enemy piercing him with a stone tipped spear or arrow.

Nothing occurred, however, and at last the night's intense blackness began slowly to give way to the gray dawn.

He awoke Eric and Kulean, and they surveyed the array before them with different feelings.

Eric measured the forces with a cool, calculating eye. He knew that his revolver and rifle were equal to the task of defending his fortress, but he did not relish the idea of slaughtering these human beings, and he still hoped that they were there only to parley with him and not to avenge Chalpa's death. To Jan-ila he assigned the rifle, warning him not to fire until he was ordered. The youth was most bloodthirsty; he wanted to mow down whole rows of the enemy at once and disperse them before they could begin the attack, but Eric showed him the folly of the proceeding.

They could see that the Atzians were disputing among themselves, debating perhaps the method or propriety of an attack, but it was impossible to hear what was being said. It was now light enough to see also that there were hundreds of priests in the horde, and that they were the leaders. As yet the enemy had not seen the besieged at all and knew not how many were in the house. When it grew lighter they moved up the slope and halted again, forming in a great semicircle about forty feet away. Tepepec, with a great ax and a rude sort of shield, was evidently in command. He was to the fore a few feet, and when a moment after they had halted, Eric sent Jan-ila out to speak to them. He raised a shout of angry defiance. Jan-ila took no notice of him, but stood in an attitude of semirigid dignity, with a most elaborate smile of derision and contempt on his face, awaiting silence to begin his speech. The shouts and murmurs subsiding quickly, he let his gaze wander along the line and began:

"How long, O friends, have the people of Atzlan followed the leadership of Tepepec the Polecat? It is a new thing to me to see him in the part of a chieftain. Perhaps he has poured upon you the juice of the weed that blinds men's eyes so that they see no longer, and you think you follow the eagle or the great bear. Or perhaps 'tis I who am blind, and it is not the polecat I see arrayed for battle. Woe to me if he strike me, this mighty chieftain! Lo, see me! how I tremble before him! What seek you here, Tepepec? Are there no old women for you to fight? Are the little girls and boys no longer alive to be terrified by your face that you come here to meet men? Step out, come nearer; though I fear you, yet will I speak to you, Tepepec the Polecat!"

The priest took a step forward, then stopped.

"Ha," cried Jan-ila, "you are modest! Why, Tepepec, I never dreamed of it! You, the great chief and warrior, hesitate to come to me—a boy?"

"I will come to you readily," answered Tepepec, "if you lay aside Quetzal's thunder, which is in your hand. 'Tis that I fear, not Jan-ila."

"Yes, that it is!" Jan-ila retorted. "You know well that I can strike you dead where you are by raising it thus!"

Tepepec recoiled with some haste, and the whole line drew back several yards.

"It is the thunder of Quetzal!" cried the youth, holding it aloft and looking at it with bright, exulting eyes. "It slays, even as Quetzal slays with his eyes if he will. Far away he can smite with it; no man can escape its deadly breath. Their lies your Chalpa? He stepped to the body and tore off the blanket. 'There he lies; he dared the thunder death, and it slew him!'

The crowd broke out into wild shouts and drew nearer. Jan-ila stood unmoved as the yells increased and weapons were brandished. He saw arrows being fitted to the Lorn crossbows and spears being aimed at him, and he knew that a shower of missiles might descend upon him, but he gave no sign of fear. He heard Eric's voice behind him:

"Keep cool, and fire if any of them come forward!"

He raised the rifle and aimed at Tepepec, whose voice was loudest in inciting an attack, but the priest was now beyond reason. A wild frenzy possessed not only him, but all of the priests and many of the people. It seemed as though they had imbibed some exciting narcotic like that which drives the Malay into the state of blind fury called "amuck," for while they raged many of them seemed oblivious to Jan-ila and strode about with frantic gestures and unmeaning cries.

Tepepec ran a few steps toward Jan-ila, and stopping hurled his ax at the youth; it passed close to his head and fell in the room beyond. Kulean crouched closer behind the door, and his sister, with a blush of shame upon her face, picked up the weapon.

"Keep back," said Eric to her. "Come inside, Jan-ila!" he cried, but the boy had raised the rifle again, and he heard the click of the hammer as it fell and the cartridge failed to explode.

Jan-ila looked amazed; the whole mass of men rushed at him and were almost upon him before he realized his position and turned to the sheltering doorway. As they came up the slope Eric stepped forth, and they halted for a moment at the sight of him, who, as Tepepec had assured them, was dead. He was calm and collected, but his face was stern and terrible. Tepepec himself, terrified, staggered back with his eyes bulging; but three other priests—tall, wiry men—mail and raving, in a ferocious ecstasy of hate or intoxication, sprang at him. One of them drew his bow taut, and as he stood for a single second with his arm drawn back Eric fired at him, and before the others had recovered from the startling sound they both fell beside the archer. Tepepec, either losing his head in his fear or gaining courage in his desperation, took three steps forward, and he, too, fell, pierced by the great forty-four bullet from Eric's weapon.

There was a great scattering; the

crowd melted away like mist before the wind. Into the shelter of the woods they rushed, falling over one another, casting aside their weapons and even their garments in their haste. Eric stood there alone beside the four bodies. The inevitable regret which comes to those who have to kill filled his soul as he looked upon them. They were all dead—proofs of his sure hand and skill—but it was a sad and pitiful sight. His hands they were, perhaps, and fathers, too; little children would weep for them and need them; it was sad, and the more that it was his duty to kill them. But ere these thoughts had passed through his mind there was another wild rush.

and the air was again filled with confused outcries.

He saw the priests and their followers emerge from the wood, and, with every sign of terror increased, come wildly up the slope toward the house. Resolved to kill no more unless sorely pressed, he entered the house, but the cries of "Quetzal, Quetzal, save us!" caused him to halt upon the threshold. "Is it a ruse?" he thought. No; there was evidence of the most extreme terror in all the faces; the backward glances of fear and surprise were too real to be simulated. He stepped toward them, and they gathered about him, crouching and falling prostrate. Lela and Jan-ila came out and stood beside him in surprise.

The whole great crowd seemed animated by a common fear; their looks pointed in one direction—toward the little forest. At the same time came a body of people under Listah, from the city, along the riverside. They had barely reached the wall when they were also affected in the same manner as the rest, and some retreated to the city, while those about Listah broke into a wild run, and reaching Eric threw themselves upon the ground. He could see nothing. The trembling multitude about him had subsided into silence as he stood there, weapon in hand, wondering what strange, terrible and unnamable monster was about to appear.

Then out of the morning silence came the long, ringing call of a bugle. Sweet and clear it rang out and swept along the canyon and echoed back from its walls, and re-echoed again and again, until it sobbed away its life far down among the pointed pinnacles upon whose tops the red and scarlet and crimson were just fading in the sunlight. He sprang over heads and recumbent bodies and rushed to the riverside. There he saw a sight that filled his heart with thrills of surprise and delight, and caused him to whirl his sombrero above his head, shout loudly and dance with joy in a most undignified manner.

It was a wonderful sight; coming as it did just in his hour of need, it seemed the more prodigious a marvel, more wonderful in its improbability, for there, before him, along the canyon trail, came a train of horsemen, riding eagerly with searching looks and listening attitudes; behind them a line of white canvas covered wagons, coming more leisurely, and, greatest marvel, above them all, against the western sky, yet just above the canyon, moving majestically along, he saw a great balloon.

The sun was glinting on its satin sides, giving it a golden glare; the big letters in black came out strongly, so that he read plainly the words, "The Continent of America," upon its side, and he saw Pierce's face as he swept the canyon below with his fieldglass. He ceased his wild shouts and walked to the house calmly.

"Go," he said to the people about him. "Go to your homes and fear nothing. Take the dead away with you. Let there be rest and peace in Atzlan, for the new life has come to you; the old is gone, and we will be a new people."

CHAPTER XIII A MATTER OF FINANCE.



Lela was watching them.

As Eric and himself a few minutes later standing among a group of cheering white men, with his hand in that of Pierce, and hearing his own tongue spoken by all about him, it seemed to him as though he had awakened from a dream. Pierce was unchanged. These were the same profane, adventurous and armed westerners with whom he was familiar, their horses standing about in dusty disorder, giving the place the air of a camp or mining town. It all seemed so natural and civilized, especially the profanity, that he had to turn and look into his doorway upon Lela standing there before he realized it all. Pierce was introducing Cale Whitley and the sheriff, warmly praising them and their conduct of the search. He did not know how timely had been his arrival or he would have termed it a rescue.

The eyes of both Cale and the sheriff had been roving over the city and calculating its strength and riches. To calculate the appearance of a pueblo, with the general makeup of which they were too familiar to expect to discover much of art or treasure. They were somewhat disappointed with its commonplace and in parts almost ruinous appearance, and felt their hopes rather dashed as they observed no golden domes

and glittering palaces rising in the midst of green gardens. But they had found the object of their search and earned the reward, which was a comforting reflection to turn to after all. They gazed rather curiously upon the bearded man in the strange, un-American costume; he stood before them with the confusion in his eyes of the sleeper awaking, look in his eyes of the sleeper awaking.

Lela was watching them with a woman's curiosity. Already she had noted all their faces and compared them with her ideal yet real lover, and much to her disadvantage. She had been so confident that there were no men like him and now she was assured. When Eric invited them within she greeted the graciously and with the manner of princess. She spoke to them with brave effort in their own tongue, and curious blending of modesty and pride and her voice fell upon their ears with a queerly foreign intonation unlike anything they had ever heard. Wearing white lamb's wool gown, flowing free about her perfect figure and encircled at the waist by a wide gold belt, it stood scanning each face and form, picture of queenly beauty and grace.

Pierce bowed before her in respect and almost reverence, so surpassing lovely she looked in her archaic costume. He noted her fair hair, blue eyes and perfect mouth in sincere, unqualified admiration, marveling that this could really be a savage. Five minutes later it was willing to swear she was a New Yorker whom fate had buried here, and then some little action or accent filled him with a new feeling, and he was wondering again.

The others simply realized that she was a wonderfully beautiful woman—Eric's wife, as they supposed—and gave no thought to the wonder of her appearance in that desert realm. Besides their thoughts were on revenue lent; they longed to see the treasures of Atzlan and divide them. They felt as Pizarro's followers must have felt as they saw the Inca's treasures almost in their grasp—millions upon millions—for in spite of Pierce's caution some inkling of Eric's message had circulated among the men, and they dreamed of millions for all hands. Their impatience was so manifest in their looks and remarks that Pierce, after a short talk with Gilbert, called them together and addressed them:

"Now, boys, our search is ended. What there is in this place for us no one knows yet, but it will rest with Mr. Gilbert as to what we shall have. He has enough to pay you all well for your trouble, but there will be no looting this village; what you can obtain by fair trade is one thing and wholesale robbery another. If any man is detected using violence he will forfeit his pay. These people are nervous and frightened; any overt act might precipitate a conflict for which the United States government will hold us responsible. Therefore I warn you all to be careful. Disobedience to orders now means summary punishment. No man enters the city until permission is given. We will go into camp here and await further orders from Mr. Gilbert."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Changeable weather brings to mind "77," Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Colds and Grip. For sale by druggists—2c.

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ALSO READ THIS. MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGUIRE. For sale at 50 cents per bottle at Palace Drug Store.

Circuit Court, Oneida County. KATE FIER, Plaintiff, vs. E. R. LANGHOFF and THE MINNEAPOLIS LOAN & TRUST CO. (a corporation), Trustees of THE MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL & SALT LAKE RAILROAD CO. (a corporation.) Defendants.

The State of Wisconsin to the said Defendants and each of them: You are hereby summoned to appear with- in twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demands of the complaint, of which a copy is herewith served upon you. HARMON J. FIER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, 102 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Wis. N. E. The original summons and complaint in this action was filed in the office of the clerk of this court, Sept. 22, 1893, and is now on file therein.

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